



GAP YEAR
a zine

GAP YEAR is a compilation of the last year of my life. the thought that i graduated exactly a year ago makes me want to throw up, but that's kind of a gross way to introduce this zine. originally this was two separate projects: a short film and a zine, but somewhere along the way i lost my passion for both and thus, this baby was born. i'd like to think *GAP YEAR* is a step up from *kiss me goodbye... or whatever*, but that" snot really my call to make. what i can say is that i am in a much better place than when that was created and even more so than one year ago.

some of the writing in this zine is grossly honest but i felt like withtout them i wouldn'tbe getting the closure that i needed and keep re-living these fragments of time.

i've been trying really hard not to censor myself and be unapologetic when it comes to my feelings and art so i'm NOT sorry! (i'm actually so sorry and immensely uncomfortable) life' is too short to be anything but honest about our feelings so go out and tell the truth. live a little. love a lot. (again i'm really sorry.)

and lastly, if you've made it this far in this unnecessarily long introduction, thank you from the bottom of my heart. thank you for taking even a moment out of your day to flip through the pages of this zine.

without further ado, here's *GAP YEAR*.

and as always, i can't go on without thanking the people in my life who supported me through the creation of this and held me accountable for getting it done.

asher + amanda
thank you

and a very special thank you to my best friend and the love of my life for consistently providing me with your love and caring for me so thoughtfully. you hold such a special place in my heart.

ariana mhm + angel
i love you

GAP YEAR: A ZINE



I don't think mom and dad were ever really in love.



There wasn't anything holy about their matrimony.

each cluster is from a different conversation

Ur soffffft

Softie w spit in their mouth

i've been having weird dreams
too?

mercury is in retrograde &
whatnot no?

Cannot believe we started
saying that as a joke but you're
getting real life spit in your
mouth

im just



BUT SAD

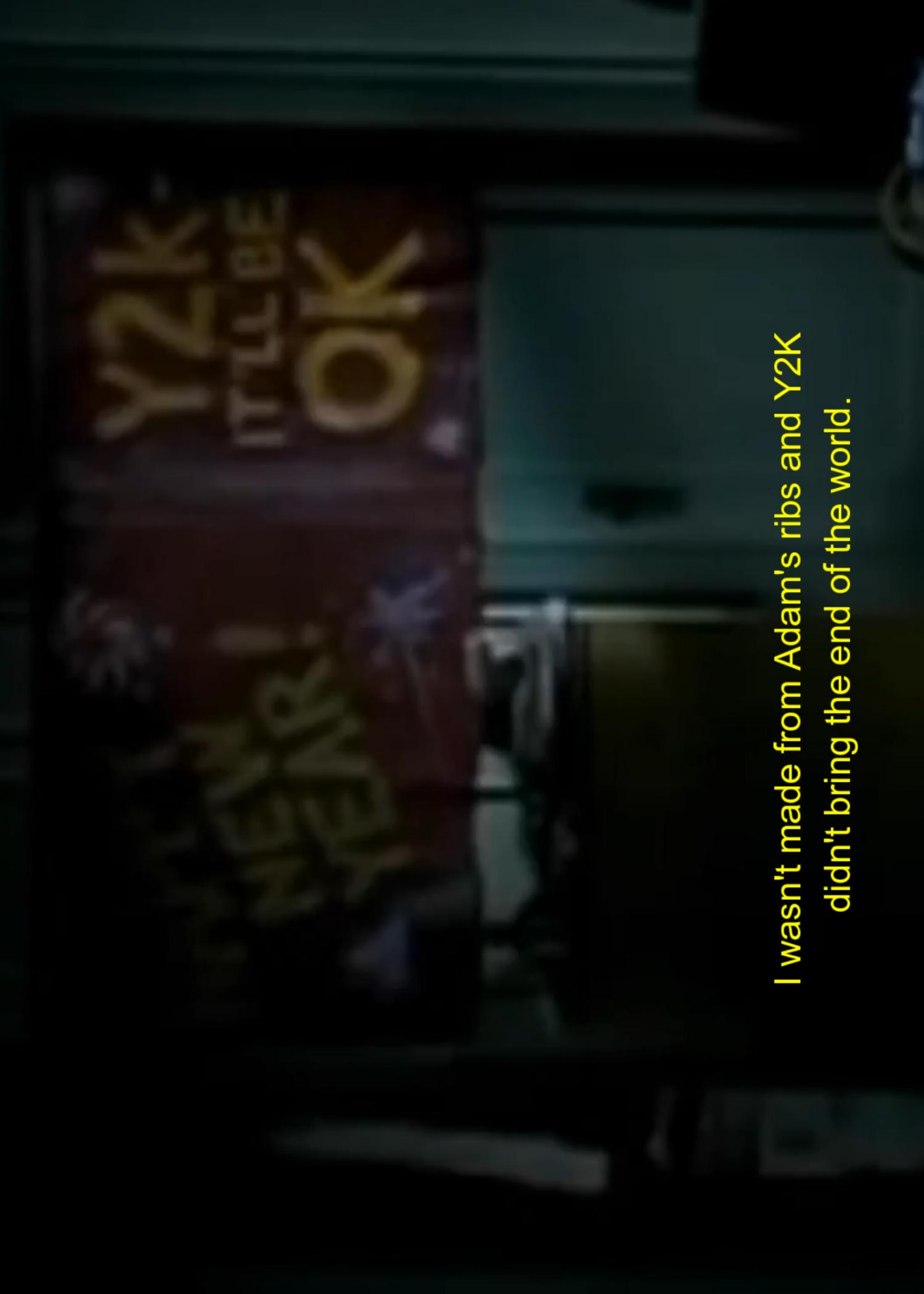
Saturday 08:58

R being easily influenced and
making reckless decisions part
of being a Scorpio

love isj't real

everyone leaves

everyone always leaves.



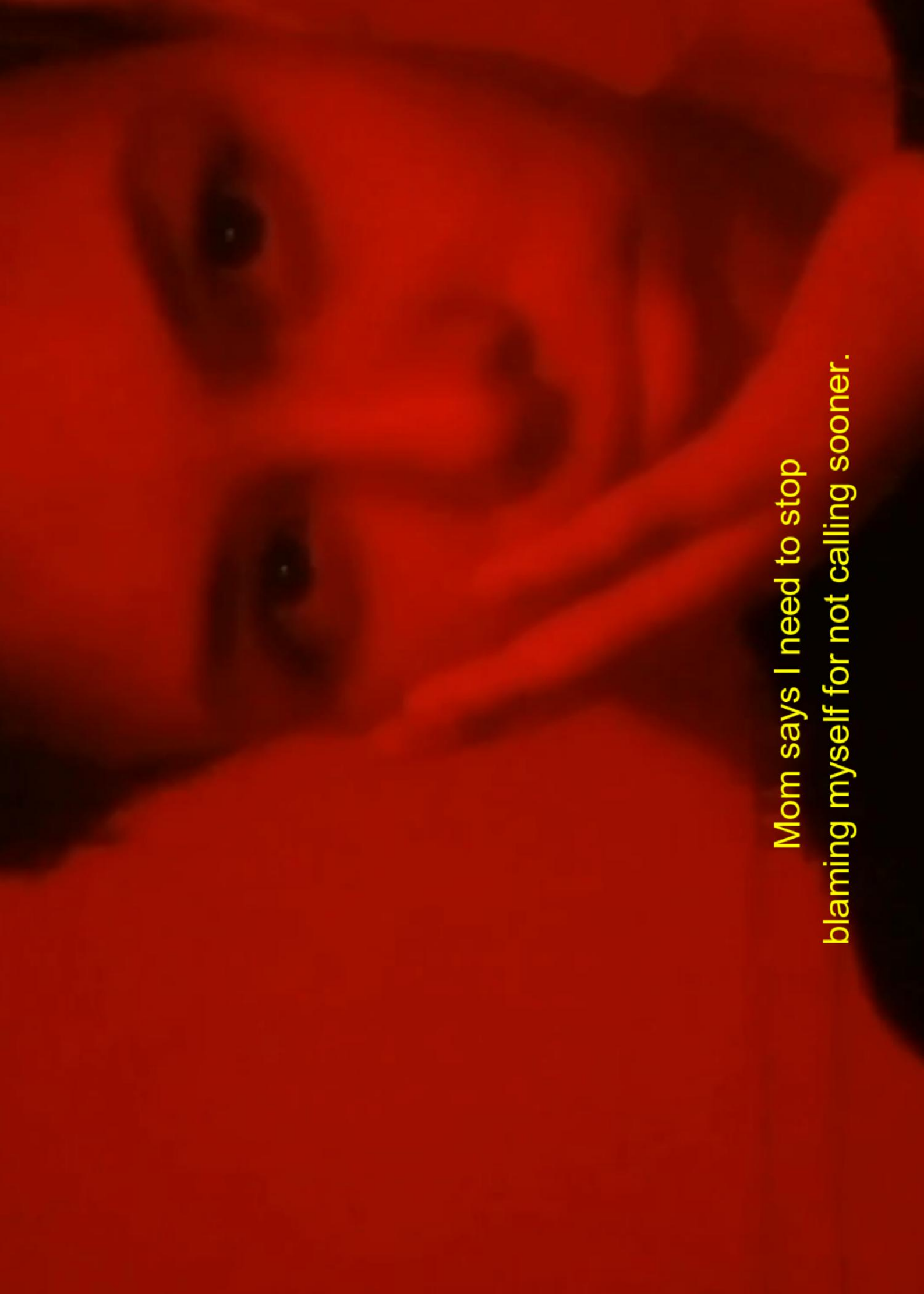
I wasn't made from Adam's ribs and Y2K
didn't bring the end of the world.

A blurry, low-quality photograph of a person with dark hair, wearing a light blue long-sleeved shirt, sitting on a dark-colored couch. The person is looking towards the camera. The background is out of focus, showing what appears to be a living room with a wooden coffee table and some furniture. The overall image has a soft, dreamlike quality due to the blurriness.

Dad, I'm sorry I spent that week on your couch.



I'm not sorry for much else and
I don't think you'd deserve the apology.



Mom says I need to stop
blaming myself for not calling sooner.

"Do you *really* think *you* could've stopped him?"

A SMALL LIST OF UNSPOKEN APOLOGIES

I.

I'm sorry you found closure in open legs.

II.

I'm sorry I refused to hold you when you were released from the hospital.

III.

I'm sorry I didn't tell you Dad tried to crash the car with me in it.

IV.

I'm sorry I never called you.

V.

I'm sorry I left you alone in bed.

VI.

I'm sorry I made your lip bleed.



























The 23rd of every month makes me feel sick.



I wonder if my mom still prays for me at night.

Zodiac : Tropical

	Sun		Scorpio	4°34'	
	Moon		Gemini	24°06'	
	Mercury		Scorpio	28°19'	
	Venus		Virgo	18°06'	
	Mars		Capricorn	8°19'	
	Jupiter		Aries	29°18'	R
	Saturn		Taurus	14°26'	R
	Uranus		Aquarius	12°53'	
	Neptune		Aquarius	1°40'	
	Pluto		Sagittarius	9°03'	
	Lilith		Sagittarius	16°06'	
	Asc node		Leo	8°36'	

each cluster is from a different conversation

🔑 @coagulatedcrack

IIIIloADED GUN COMPLEX
COCK IT AND PULL IT

IS THAT WHAT THE LINE IS

IM ALWAYS LIKE
DJAISJJJjNsnsjsjnBANSJSJ
COCK IT AND PULL IT

20:48

and called me a whore that
one time

in a mean way

not a cool way

10/8/18, 00:19 ✓

U ARE SOFT 🙄 🙄

but ur also like

19:17

what's the gender neutral word
for dominatrix

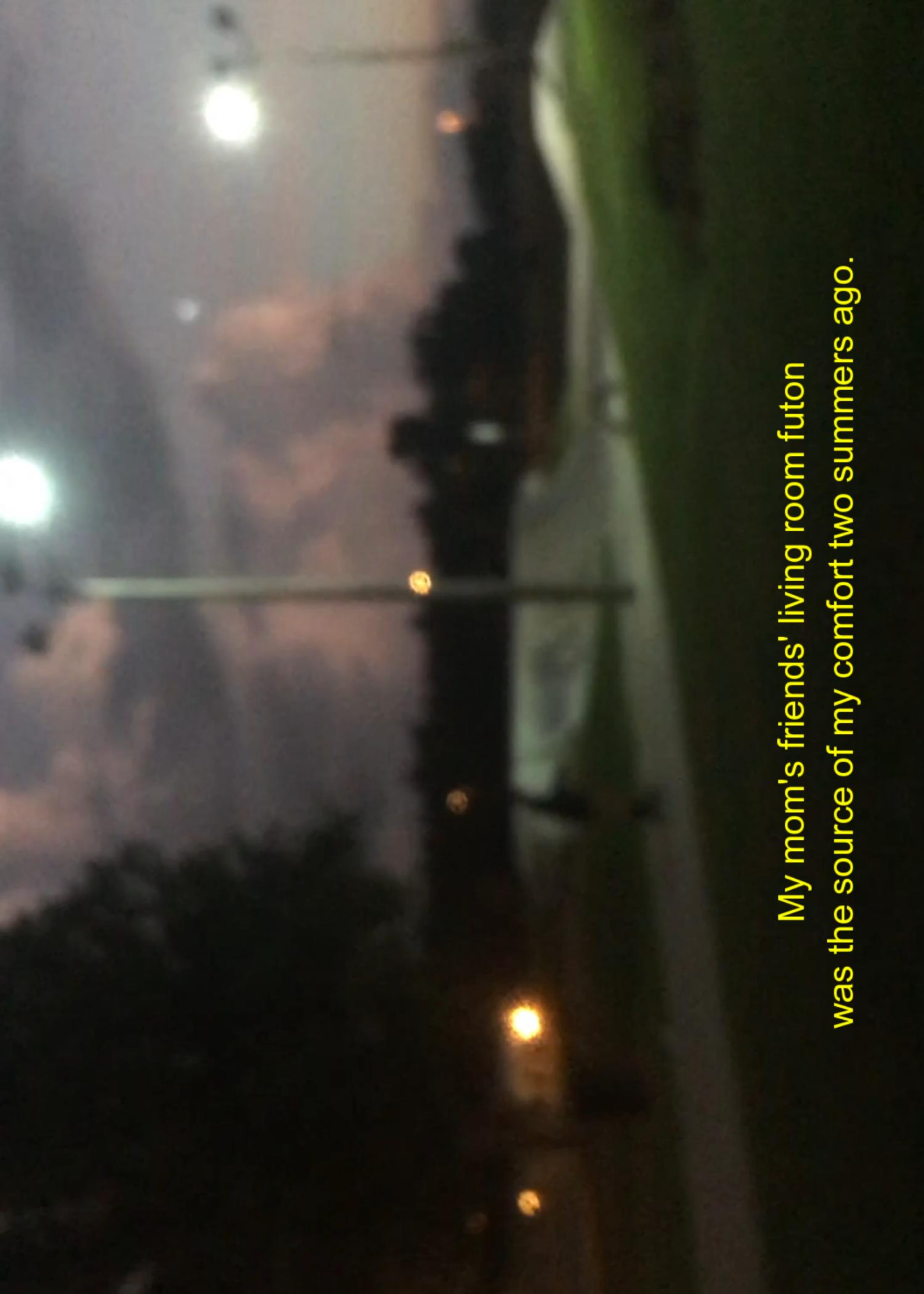
19:18



I wonder what the doctors said
the night you got your stomach pumped.



I wonder if your mother cried.



My mom's friends' living room futon
was the source of my comfort two summers ago.



My toothbrush moved temporarily into her bathroom.



I seem to find myself best through occupying borrowed spaces.



I STARTED TAKING A LOT LESS PHOTOS OF MYSELF SINCE OCTOBER. NOT REALLY SURE IF THATS HELPED ME GRASP THE WHOLE CONCEPT OF MY EXISTENCE OR NOT JUST YET. IM GLAD THERE'S VERY LITTLE PHOTOS OF ME FROM MARCH AND THE DISGUSTING AMOUNT OF TIMES I DYED MY HAIR THAT MONTH. ITS SLOWLY BECOMING EASIER TO RECOGNIZE MYSELF IN PHOTOS. EVEN IF ITS A LITTLE BIT. EVEN IF I HAVE TO START BACK AT SQUARE ONE.



Photos



For You



Albums



Search



To die is merely to abandon the flesh,
or so I read.

Almost springtime afternoon spent meandering through aisles of torn magazines.

Wistfully yearning and daydreaming of oneself wearing some thrifted wedding dress found next to an old vest and some yellowing books.

Somehow doing better than my parents casual wedding on the front porch steps of my great grandmother's tiny Spanish house.

Conquered in conquest.

Bare feet in sand or maybe grass.

There's something about the spring that's making me fall more in love with being alive.

I don't necessarily thrive in the winter and I'm sorry you had to see those parts of me.

The mornings where my blankets suffocated me almost as easily as rope could have and there seemed to be no signs of me leaving its eerie comfort.

Somehow you didn't let it stop you from showing me your love the very same.

I don't think I'll ever be able to thank you enough.

Soon I'll leave a trail of kisses from your lips to your chest so I can always find my way back to your heart when things get too lost or too tough or even too blurry.

I'll follow the trail of kisses and pick flowers to place in your hair.

You are ethereal, man.

Soft kisses right when we wake up.

Our teeth unbrushed morning breath evades and not a bother.

Life with you is so beautiful it makes me want to cry.

Thank you for not making me feel bad for crying all the time.

The amount of tears I produce could probably water my plants if I tried.

Maybe water the earth and rid it of its sorrows or something.

Thank you for taking care of me so softly.

I love you.



You'll soon learn there's nothing wrong with crying.

[< prev](#)[next >](#)[reply](#)☐ [prohibited](#) ^[?]

★ **Why did I fight the urge (Boston)**

Why did I fight the urge to stay a little longer and talk with you I wish I didn't

[< prev](#)[next >](#)[reply](#)☐ [prohibited](#) ^[?]

★ **I used to piss all over your apartment (Downtown)**

[< prev](#)[next >](#)[reply](#)☐ [prohibited](#) ^[?]

★ **Truth about leather (Northampton)**

The truth about leather is that it is hot

[< prev](#)[next >](#)[reply](#)☐ [prohibited](#) ^[?]

★ **Have a problem with demons, ghouls or spectres of any sort?**

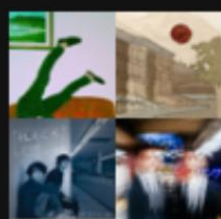
GAP YEAR PLAYLIST

- Boys Don't Cry by The Cure
- I Got A Feeling by The Black Eyed Peas
- Sweet by Brockhampton
- Hunger by Florence and the Machine
- Dizzy on the Comedown by Turnover
- Nice for What by Drake
- Love It If We Made It by The 1975
- Dunno by Mac Miller
- Simplistic Trance-Like Getaway by Never Shout Never
- Blue by Beyonce
- Cigarette Daydreams by Cage the Elephant
- Live Well by Palace
- Come On, Get Happy by Sun Kil Moon
- Instead Of My Room by Charlie Burg
- August by Flipturn
- The Waterboy Returns by Modern Baseball
- Loving Someone by The 1975
- Miami Advice by Kimya Dawson, Aesop Rock
- Heart Out by The 1975
- Love of My Life by Queen
- Caroline by Amine
- Mona Lisa by Dan and Drum
- New Year's Eve by Mal Blum
- Nights Like These by Pigeon Pit
- Bye Bye Baby by noname
- Blue Bird by Dirty Projectors
- Callin' by Elton
- HML by Sissyfuss
- Sunny Duet by noname
- Internet Child by Manwolves
- Wasteland, Baby! by Hozier
- Cup by Stoop Kids
- My Song by Labi Siffre
- Carry Me by The Original Crooks and Nannies
- Purple Afternoon by mxvwl
- Drew Barrymore by SZA
- Jackie and Wislon by Hozier
- Pussy is God by King Princess
- Naive by The Kooks
- Song 32 by noname
- Stay Gold by First Aid Kit



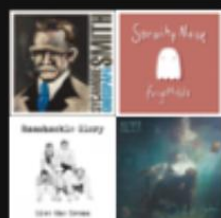
xxx

9 songs



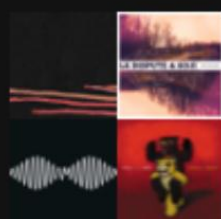
this is what true love sounds like

83 songs



happy sounding sad songs

6 songs



songs that kept me alive during...

7 songs



songs that really fuck me up

5 songs



sing me to sleep

25 songs



real emo hours

67 songs



I.

I LOVED YOU FOR MONTHS BEFORE I SENT THAT TEXT.

II.

tell me about when you were a kid and your parents kissed you goodnight. tell me about the bruised knees and your theories on how we all came to be and where we'll go.

III.

*i love you i love i love you
i love your smile and the birth mark under your bottom lip
i love the way you talk in your sleep sometimes*

IV.

06:56 I AM SO GODDAMN FULL OF LOVE!!!!!!!

V.

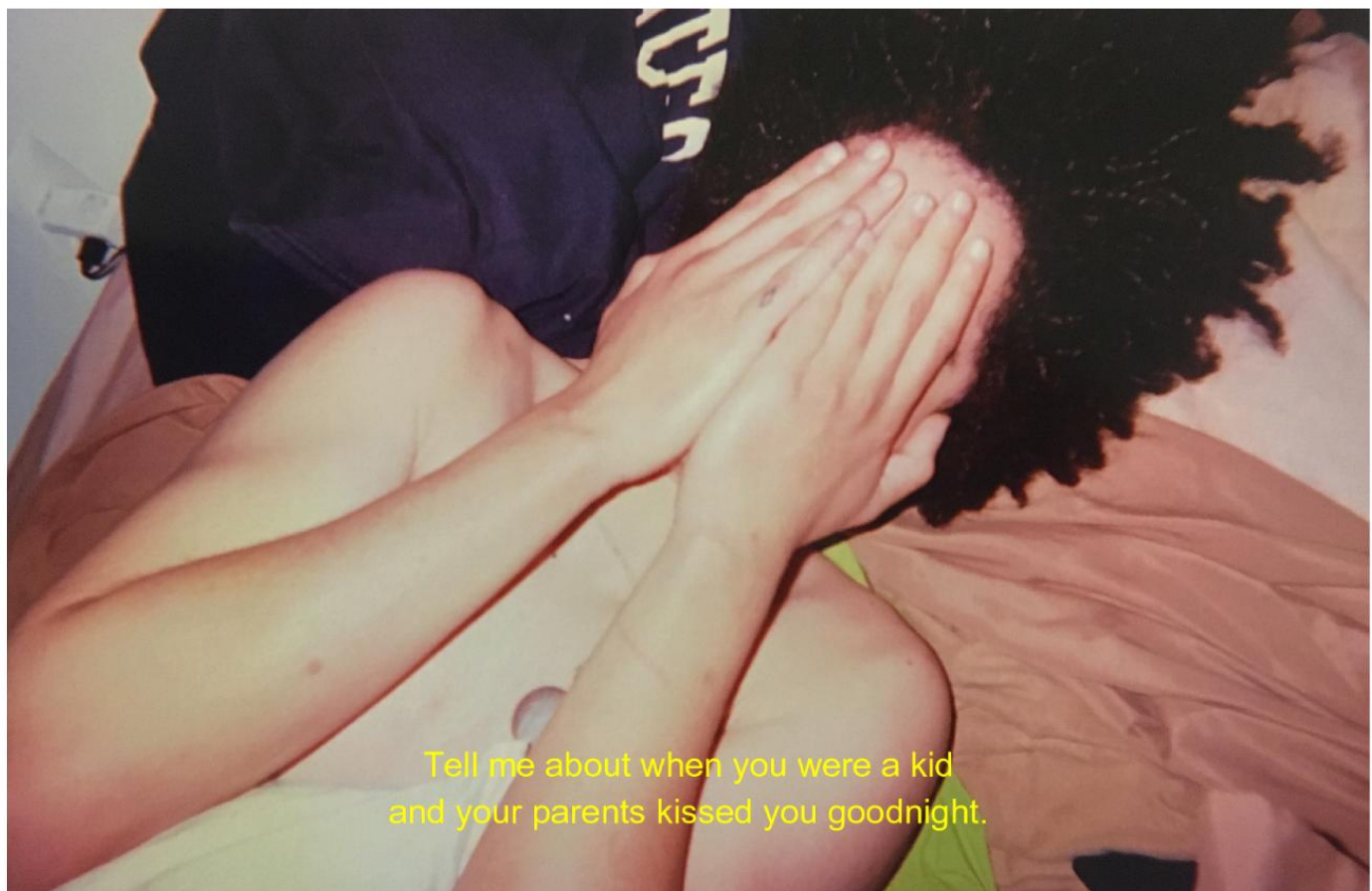
i've never felt as passionate about life as i have since meeting you last august

VI.

i'm still trying to figure out how to do this right. thank you for being so patient with me.



I have an endless collection of love letters meant for you.



Tell me about when you were a kid
and your parents kissed you goodnight.

i knew the second i woke up the morning after my
mom told me what you had done,
i'd survived it all.

nothing, not even myself could truly hurt me the
same way her words did,
years later she'll still tell me i should stop blaming
myself for not having called sometime during those
5 months as if that'd somehow lessen the survivor's
guilt i've been harboring.

i've never been the best at coming to terms with
death.

honest to god, i'm the worst at it.
somehow i believe i'll see you again driving through
virginia as if it'd be anyone other than your ghost.
i should've called.

i threw away the sketchbook with your phone
number scribbled into the back page.

i wish you'd woken me up to say bye that morning i
left your house.

i wonder if your mom painted your walls another
color.

i wonder if they've emptied out your room by now.
thank you for keeping me warm that fall.

< On My iPhone



December 30, 2018 at 22:28

everything suddenly feels like it's on fast forward mode how do i slow it down

the rib cage feeling is back!!!

06:56 i am so goddamn full of love!!!!!!!

this could be a beautiful thing if you let it

I'm glad I can finally kiss you goodbye.



Thank you for taking care of me so softly.

i spent so much of my life thinking every winter could possibly be the death of me that it almost seemed to have been engraved in my DNA. recovery is scary, especially when you are unaware of how bad things really are. they say the last person who should determine if they can drive is the person who's been drinking. i'll try to brush off my first encounter with liquid courage mostly because i cqn barely piece together the events of that night well enough to tell the story. i'm no longer afraid of dying and not in a sad way. i read somewhere that to die is merely to abandon the flesh. i have fallen in love and life seems a lot less scary now. i always feared i'd take a break and things would fall apart. recently i've begun to notice things are falling right into place. i spent so much of my childhood consumed with fear and i guess i'm just trying to make it upto myself. there is so much good in this world it overwhelms me nearly as much as all the bad. it's all relative. i don't think mom and dad were ever really in love. there wasn't anything holy about their matrimony and i am a product of the sins they committed. a valentine's day baby. a product of your divorce and the slammed doors and regrets and- i don't know if you were ever really in love. i'm just trying to do better. dad, i'm sorry i spent that week on your couch. i'm not sorry for much else and i don't think you'd deserve the apology. this past year i've found more comfort in rusty kitchen scissors and having my fingers interlocked with someone else's than i ever did on that couch. mom still tells me i need to stop blaming myself for not having called sooner. "do you really think you could've stopped him?" she says in that tone she used the afternoon the news was given to me. i'll never forgive his father or mine. recovery has taken form in slasher movie marathons and nights spent reading vampire erotica meant for middle aged women in unsatisfying marriages. i'll thank my mom's friend for the latter. there's a lot to thank for me having survived the past 19 years and the past year since i graduated highschool. the 23rd of every month still makes me sick. as hard as things can get, i'm just grateful you kissed me goodbye... or whatever.

the end?